

# AN ELEGY

ON

That Great Example of Heroick Valour  
The Right Honourable, Edvard Earl of Sandvich.

SHall Mercenary Pens *Prostitute* Verse,  
To *Guild* with Flatteries each Trivial Hearse :  
And strive in vain t'*Imbalme* some *Silken Sot*,  
Whose *Name* deserves, soon as his *Corps* to Rot :  
Shall *useless men*, whom Age, or Surfeits Slay,  
Or *just deserv'd Diseases* sweep away,  
Have *Gaudy Tombs*, and *Epitaphs*, that rise  
In strange Impert'nent *Plaudits* to the skies,  
And *Noble SANDWICH* thus submit to Fate  
Without a Muse, his *FAME* to Celebrate ;  
Condoling in such *Passionate Strains*, till we  
In our own *Tears*, be drown'd as well as *HE*.  
He that in *Honours Field*, his Countries Cause  
Did more, than *Fancy* can reach when it draws  
The Acts of *Hero's*, and will henceforth shame  
The *brightest Glories* of the *Roman Name* :  
Who stood the *Shock* of all the *Mogan Fleet*,  
And almost *Single* durst their *numbers* meet :  
'Gainst whom he *long* maintain'd a doubtful fight,  
Dispatching *Hundreds* to Eternal Night ;  
(Whose *base Lives* yet no Recompence afford,  
Their blood's so thick it *Blots* a Noble Sword ; )  
Some *Sunk* to Rights, not able to abide  
The fierce salutes He gave them each *Broad-side* :  
Others *stood off*, their *Hulks* and *Tackle* tore,  
And Decks o'reflow'd with Brandy & with *Gore*.  
But *Fate*, that sometimes makes *Vertue* its slave,  
And takes delight for to oppress the *Brave*,  
Seeming at length with the Foe to Conspire,  
Spight of Resistance, set his Ship on *Fire* :  
Though he with Noble Resolution chose  
Either to bring her *Off*, or his Life lose :  
VVhen thick as *Atoms* Cannon Bullets flew  
And all his men were *kill'd*, or else *withdrew* :

When stoutest *rocks*, that Tempests did out-brave  
Trembled for fear, and *duckt* under a Wave :  
When certain *ruine* on all sides drew near,  
And Death in several *Vizards* did appear ;  
The cruel *Elements* seeming at strife,  
VVhich of them *first* should rob him of his Life  
Had you but seen how *Unconcern'd* he stood,  
*Flames* over's Head, his Feet dabling in Blood ;  
In what a *fearless* and *compos'd* Estate  
He *brav'd* the approach of the severest Fate ;  
And did at last *from Death to Death* Retire  
Courting the *Water*, to avoid the *Fire* ;  
You would confess, such *Courage* ne'r can be  
Enough bewail'd in griefs *Hydrography*.  
And would you, *Cruel Seas* ! destroy Him there  
Whom raging Fire, & Cannon-shot did spare ?  
By this *Black* deed henceforward you'l become  
More odious for, than *Mare Mortuum*.  
Kind *Dolphins* should methinks in Shoals appear  
And on their Backs him above VVater bear ;  
Or some *new Island* in his Rescue peep,  
Rather than he should Perish in the Deep :  
Could not the *Winds* to Countermand his death,  
with their whole *Card of lungs*, redeem his breath ?  
No ! 'tis decre'd, his *Soul* must leave her *Clay*,  
And took at parting a contrary way  
Ith *Flames*, *Elias-like*, that up ascends,  
And to it every blessed Center tends :  
VVhilst *Sea-Nymphs* ne'r Enamour'd so before,  
Doat on the Corps, and waft it to the Shore :  
Knowing it ought, a Nobler Tomb to have,  
Than the Imposthum'd Bubble of a VVave.

FINIS